

HOT DOC

The Regular fellows
Monthly

Vol I No 2
October 1921

PRICE
TWO BITS



Your Palm is itching

To tear off that little coupon in the corner.

Do it now. For a solitary smacker you can get the Dog for six months.

When business is punk,

When you're feeling blue in the heart and yellow in the gut.

When the old world looks as black as a chorus girl's neck and smells as hopeless as the toilet in the yard back on the farm,

Then you will want the DOG.

It's the cheerfulest thing in America.

Right here it is for you. Go for it.



TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

The Merit Publishing Co.

6908 Hough Avenue

Cleveland, O.

I kissed the enclosed bone (\$1 good American rhino) goodbye and am sending it to you. Send me the Dog for six months, starting with _____ issue.

Name.....

Address

City and State.....

Don't be left in the soup. The first number of the Dog was licked up like raisin jack lemonade at a Deacon's meeting. The boys must be hiding them in the safe with the Old Crow. You can't get one for love or money.



Jack Dinsmore, Editor
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PUTTING ON THE DOG

Regular fellows, good scouts, real guys, The Dog was born for you! The weasel-nosed church-hounds are taking the kick out of life.

The good old U. S. A. is becoming like the Old Graveyard on the Hill!

It's time that some of us with blood in our veins and juice in our guts asserted ourselves.

The Dog is here for this purpose.

The Dog is here to boost

REAL AMERICANISM

REAL CHRISTIANITY

REAL GOODFELLOWSHIP

The Dog is here to fight

Fake Americanism, whose idea of liberty is to crab innocent liberties,

Fake Christianity, whose idea of goodness is sadness

A society without sociability, pictured by a flock of Baracca Bimbos reforming the world.

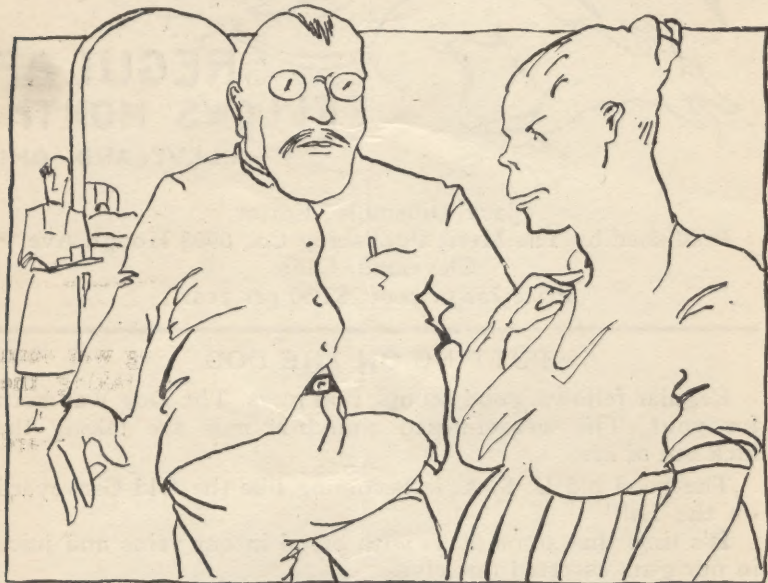
GAIETY IS THE RAREST AND THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE WORLD.

Let 'er slide!

AN IRISH CALAMITY

Mrs. Murphy walked in the hospital with her can bobbing around under her corset like a load of heifer dust.

"And how is me neighbor, Pat Mulcahy, getting along?" she asked the doctor.



"Well," replied the physician, "we operated on him this morning and removed his veriform appendix."

Mrs. Murphy began to weep great gobs of tears.

"Oh, the poor mon, the poor mon," she sobbed—"and he was so fond of children!"

Oh Whiskey, soul of plays and pranks,
Accept a bardie's gratefu' thanks

—Robert Burns

SPORT OR GAME

Mr. Smith, a wealthy broker, came into his office one Monday morning, and laid two golf balls on his desk.

"Oh, what are those?" demurely wise-cracked the cutie who Dempseyed the typewriter.



"Golf balls," replied Mr. Smith.

Next Monday, he came in and laid a couple more golf pellets on the desk.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," piped up the Liz, "I see you shot another Golf."

Beware of the hard-boiled chippies with the soft-boiled eyes.

THE BLUE BABIES RAZZ PRESIDENT HARDING

(From N. Y. Times, Aug. 17, 1921) Warsaw, Ind., A resolution requesting President Harding to give up the use of the cigaret will be presented before the No-Tobacco League of America which opened its convention at Winona Lake today.

The resolution will be presented by Charles M. Filmore, general secretary of the league, and he is confident of its passage.

Surely here is Brass with a capital B and the accent on the last three letters!

Fresh from smoking humps in the lavatory back of the vestry room, nine hundred hicks gather at Warsaw Indiana to indulge in their favorite indoor sport: REFORMING THE OTHER FELLOW'S MORALS.

One of the shrewdest women in the world is Lady Bonham-Carter, daughter of Herbert Asquith, former premier of England. Says she, "The people I hate worst in this world are those who spend their lives making others good and themselves happy."

A sure sign of a low grade mind is trivality. Here is the chief executive of the greatest country in the most critical hour of its history. Here is a man with his mind burdened with the racking problems of preventing future wars, of overcoming the unemployment of millions, of restoring a war-wounded world to its normal health. And the most important thing these sanctimonious saps can find to bring to his attention is a request for him to abandon the solace of his cigaret.

The normal, happy, tolerant individual cannot understand this mean type of mind.

I doubt if I can stir my readers to anger. How can the man who goes about his business and believes in the age-old policy of Live and Let Live have any comprehension of such abnormal temperament?

There must be something debauching to the human spirit in the kind of lives that thousands of churchy men live in many of the smaller communities in America.

It is not so much that this mangy uncharitability is unfair or unjust—it is UNCHRISTIAN. The bone-drys, anti-tobacco agitators, anti-profanity agitators, closed Sunday surfaces are preaching their crusade of joylessness in the name of religion.

We sane Americans insist that JOYFULNESS IS NOT IRRELIGIOUS. The object of all religion is to bring sunshine into the world by means of hope.

The Good-Book itself teaches us that there is place in Heaven for even the prostitute and the humanized Pharisee. But listen. What says the Puritan ancestor of the blue laws, Jonathan Edwards? I quote from one of his sermons: "The bulk of mankind is reserved for burning."

When men can sink so low that they hate a fellowman of theirs in an exalted position because he allows himself the innocent little worldliness of a cigaret, one can see in them the dark yellow streak that the influence of Jonathan Edwards has left as an unholy legacy to America.

These dammed dunces in Warsaw Indiana would today burn witches, as their prototypes did two hundred years ago in Salem and torture heretics as their prototypes did five hundred years ago in Madrid.

There is a scientific angle to this question. People who are so obsessed with restrictionism are psychological subjects. And psychologists have given scientific research to these Puritans as clinical cases.

What have the scientists found? They have discovered that the complex that accounts for the mad desire to take away the pleasure of others is the ENVY complex.

The man who sees a normal sober citizen take an occasional drink and immediately is possessed with the urge to take that drink away from that man by force of police hates the drinker and envies him because he is having a better time in the world than he is.

The man who advocates laws preventing a youth from kissing his girl in the park hates that youth because the youth is having a better time in the world than the Puritan.

The nine hundred hicks who want to filch President Harding's cigaret hate the president because the world is a pleasanter place for the President than for the blue-nose.

A gentleman can take his friend's last dollar and still be his friend—but he can't take his last cigarette.

THE DIRTY DOMINIE

There is an old preacher at Corning,
Who loves to give counsel and warning;
He razzes on Sunday
And jazzes on Monday,
And fills up on prune jack each morning.

A BALLADE OF THE BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCH

by Ignatz Levi O' Flaherty

How well I recall, in the days of my teens,
My father and I, in the corner saloon,
Would knock off a dinner of good pork and beans,
With a side of home fried and a beer for a boon.
This royal repast cost us only two bits,
But now all you get is a sandwich to munch
And a near-beer perhaps for the selfsame five jits—
Oh, what has become of the Business Man's Lunch?

They hand you a tray and they let you proceed,
And you wish that your appetite weren't such a ripper,
And the check you pay looks like a real estate deed,
And you wish every day in the year were Yom Kippur.
Oh, them was the happy days; that's the idea;
Today so morosely our vittles we crunch,
And suffer with pip and advanced diorrhoea—
Oh, what has become of the Business Man's Lunch?

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that blooms today
Tomorrow will be dying.

Rev. Robert Herrick, 1632

Advice To The Lovelorn

By Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry



Lucy Lovebird—You should have walked back.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What is lover's catarrh?

—Luscious Lizzie

Send stamped, self addressed envelope.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My sweetheart has bad eyes, and, very often, while sitting with him in our parlor, I put out the lights, as I feel for the young man. Am I doing right?

—Lunchcounter Lulu

It's alright, Lulu, providing he doesn't feel for you.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

by Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry

Hungry Helen. No dear. Sing Sing is not a lullaby.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I was at a party the other night and a young man said to me in very rapturous tones, "Beckie" I wish you were a chandelier." What did he mean?

He wanted you to hang and burn.

* * *

Lizzie Bottlebottom: You lost your honor!

* * *

Maggie Misfit: Keep away from the Gent's Walk and you won't see such things.

* * *

Willie Winkle: It was a cruel joke on you—but maybe it was really mustard.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Can sterility be inherited?

—Cockeye Casper

Dear Casper: Little Ignatz, the Hot Dog shipping clerk is forwarding you today a carload of dumb bells.

THE WOMAN I MARRIED

She had hair on her chin,

Like a pencil she was thin,

She looked like thirty cents to me.

She had warts on her nose,

And holes in her hose—

Oh, what an oil can she turned out to be!

MOTHER O' MINE

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose love would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Absence weakens shallow loves and strengthens deep ones, just
as the wind extinguishes the candle and whips up the flame.

—La Rochefoucauld

A PAGE OF POETRY

(Copied while pulling the chain)

* * *

BLACK JOE, 1921

Gone are the days
 When our hearts were young and gay;
Gone are our friends
 From the Sunday school away;
Gone from this land,
 To a better place I know,
I hear them now from Cuba calling,
 Dear Old Crow!

* * *

WEST VIRGINIA'S FAVORITE LIMERICK

There was a young lady from Wheeling
 Who had such a funny feeling,
She lay on her back
 And

(Editor's note: The boss told us not to finish this poem,
as most of you know it by heart anyway.)

* * *

CHANGE YOUR LUCK

Luck is a jade; 'tis hard to brave her
 To her stern customs you must bow
There's but one way to win her favor—
 A nigger lady told me how!

SLUMBER SONG

(Editor's Note: This poem was written by Lieut. Col. John McCrae, the hero poet of the Canadian army, who wrote the famous "In Flanders Fields." Col. McCrae was killed fighting for his flag. This poem is reprinted with acknowledgments to G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Sleep little eyes
That brim with childish tears amid thy play,
Be comforted, no grief of night can weigh
Against the joys that throng the coming day

Sleep little heart,
There is no place in slumberland for tears,
Life soon enough will bring its chilling fears,
And sorrows that will dim the after years,
Sleep, little heart.



Oh, little eyes,
Dead blossoms of a springtime long ago,
That life's storm crushed and left to lie below
The benediction of the falling snow.

Sleep little heart,
That ceased so long ago its frantic beat;
The years that come and go with silent feet
Have nought to tell save this—that rest is sweet,
Dear little heart.

A BUSINESS DICKER

Cohn and McPherson were known as the two stingiest men in one of the counties of Ohio.

They got together on a business deal.

Oh, Sweet Spirits of Tightness!

Cohn came to McPherson and said, "McPherson, I would like to board my horse mit you for the winter. How much will you charge me?"

"Twenty dollars a month," replied McPherson.

"Alright," unexpectedly answered Cohn, "the price is fair. How much rebate will you allow me on the manure?"

"No rebate on the manure."

"Ach, you stingy Scotch bumner; nobody could do business mit you." And Cohn drove away.

A week later, he returned.

"McPherson," he said, "I will give you one more chance. How much will you charge me—best price—to board my horse for the winter?"

"Fifteen dollars a month," replied McPherson.

"Very Vell. How much rebate on the manure?"

"No rebate on the manure."

"You're a low-life goy and nobody could do business mit you!" And Cohn drove angrily away again.

Two weeks elapsed and Cohn came back.

"McPherson," he cried, and there were real tears in his eyes. "One more chance I will give you. For goodness sake, have a heart. Give me a gentleman's price, so I can board my horse mit you for the winter. Remember you tightfisted dog, this is your last chance."

"Ten dollars a month," said McPherson.

"Ach, now you are talking what I call business. And how much rebate on the manure?"

"Listen Cohn," spit out the Scot, "For ten dollars a month there won't be no manure!"

EXAMPLE OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH ANECDOTE

A poor lady who lived in a bye street in Cheltenham sent her eight year old daughter to get the morning milk at the fruiterer's nearby.

"Here are tuppence, dear," she said, "go get the milk." In three minutes, the little girl came back crying.

"Mamma," she stammered, "I lost the tuppence."

"You naughty girl," ejaculated the mother, "how can you be so stupid? Now here is another tuppence. Go get the milk. And you little vixen, if you don't come back with the milk this time, I'll kill you."

The little girl left with the coin tightly clutched in her hand. But in a few minutes she returned again, crying more bitterly than before.

"Oh mother," sobbed the child, "I have lost the tuppence again."

"You impossible child; I can hardly restrain myself from beating you to death. You are a burden on my life. Now, here is another tuppence. Go get the milk. And you little hussy, if you return without the milk this time, I'll kill you!"

Alas, the little girl returned without the milk, for she had again lost the tuppence.

—So her mother killed her.

Councilman Kraut is in the sanitarium again. The doctor says he has water on the knee, booze on the hip and women on the brain.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Oh Boy! Did you ever hear about the hick out in the mail order belt wrote to Washington trying to take out a patent on making children.

Well, there's a flock of willies with horn-rim specks and floozies with bobbed hair around the Washington Arch in New York who have another name for the good old pastime. They call it Art.

Ye Editor was down there just after Fourth of July. While snooping around there in an effort to buy up a grip load of Dago Red, he gave Greenwich Village the once over.

It's a fake. Superannuated women who can't knock off a stallion by the good old legit means of rolling a wicked eye and exhibiting a mean peek-a-boo line get the old thrill down there.

Old boys who find that the poor working girls won't fall for their line any more work it off on eighteen-year-old art student gals from Aurora, Ill.

It's a grand shell game.

I am acquainted with some pretty capable editors and artists down East. They tell me that there isn't all-told any more real literary and artistic ability in all Greenwich Village than there is fusel oil in a cockroach's eye.

Hot Dog. A new name for chasing up an old-fashioned pleasure. They ought to get a patent on it.

ADVERTISEMENT



CALIMACCHUS BALZOFF, The Hot Dog Genius

The November Issue of Hot Dog will contain as
a Special Feature

*A Heart Rending Tale of Love,
including Knives, Guns and Whiskers*

The Title of this Masterpiece is

THE GARBAGE MAN'S DAUGHTER
or Nearly Jazzed To Death

Translated by machinery from the low Russian of
CALIMACCHUS BALZOFF

Private story teller and procurer to Leon Trotzky

WATCH FOR THE NOVEMBER HOT DOG

KILLED BY THE GIMMIES

If I should die tonight

And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—

If I should die tonight

And you should come in deepest grief and woe

And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"

I might arise in my large white cravat

And say—"What's that?"

If I should die tonight

And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel;

I say if I should die tonight,

And you should come to me and there and then

Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,

I might arise the while—

But I'd drop dead again!

—Ben King.

DO YOU REMEMBER THESE SIGNS?

Volstead put them out of business

Don't Stay Too Long.

Here It is,

Niagara Falls,

Gents' Walk

LOVE SONG

I awake from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night
While the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I awake from dreams of thee,
And a Spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how—
To thy chamber window, Sweet.

The wandering airs they faint,
On the dark, the silent stream,
The champak odors fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon my heart,
As I must die on thine—
O, beloved as thou art.

O lift me from the grass,
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas,
My heart beats loud and fast,
O, press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

Shelley 1822

MORALITY AND CHURCHIANITY

The greatest enemies to virtue in America are the dried-up denominational ministers in the down-state dumps.

Denominationalism is by no means morality,
It is not Christianity,
It is not Puritanism—
It is simply Restrictionism!

When we gave them Prohibition, we gave them a finger. Now they want the whole hand. And a barrel of feet.

Denominationalism now wants to stop Sunday baseball, and Sunday movies, and Sunday newspapers.

Don't be deceived.

Morality is not opposed to gaiety.

Look back into the history of the world. The greatest sinners were the greatest saints. Saint Francis of Assisi was, in his youth a great gallant and duellist.



Martin Luther said:

Der liebt nicht wein, weib und gesang,
Der bleibt ein narr sein leben lang.

which means

Who loves not wine woman and song
Is a fool his whole life long.

DOWN WITH THE DIRTY DENOMINATIONALISTS!

Let us knock them for a row of backhouses.

ARE TRAVELING MEN IMMORAL?

By Frank R. Onderdonk

You have heard the old gag about the small-town lady yelling to her daughter, "Mary, you'd better come into the house. A traveling man is in town."

I'm not a traveling man, so what I have to say comes from an unbiassed point of view. I'm just an ordinary citizen who likes to see fogey notions knocked in the bean and a little more justice and charity spread around this well-known terrestrial ball.

I too used to have the opinion that is so common that traveling men, as a class, are a lot of skirt hounds who are like the dog that used to hang around the Mark Twain Hotel in Hannibal, Mo. When any native wanted to play a joke on a newly-arrived guest at this famous holstery (you know the kind of small-town loafers who have nothing else to do but hang around the hotel and fill up the seats at the front window, with their legs propped up on the rail, "looking them over", so that when a real guest comes, tired and lugging a ton of sample cases, he has no place to sit down) the hick would call to his dog, "Come here drummer." When the drummer would ask, "why such a name.?" the alfalfa hotel-rat would reply in a loud voice, so the other rats should get the joke, "Oh because he's just like a drummer. When he's not sitting on his rump, he's snooping and smelling around for the females."

Now this is alright for a joke. A joke is a joke, and nobody can take one or tell one, for that matter, better than the traveling man. But when it is taken seriously, it is grossly unjust. Everytime I hear one of these backhanded bellywhacks, I feel like handing one of these birds that telegraphs this manure a kick in the hickories. And I'm going to do it some of these days, in spite of the fact that I was 62 my last birthday.

Travelling men are no more immoral than any other men of their age. They are only more lonesome. It's a hound's life. You never heard of a travelling man who liked his job after the first year of it. Did you ever see their chops water when they utter those mystic words, "Home Cooking?"

And right here I want to pay my little tribute to the fellow who can go around from day to day, stopping at all kinds of outhouses posing as hotels; getting along without home comforts; more often than not eating food that the mess sergeant in the army would have been ashamed to dish up to the comp-any dog; standing for all sorts of rebuffs all day, and withal always having a smile on his face and a really funny story to tell to help brighten the life of the stray man he meets.

If all the happiness that traveling men spread around the Presbyterian backwoods with their smiles and stories, were weighed, their little demerits would be so left in the shade that you couldn't see them with a searchlight.

When a fellow has been away from home and home folks for a long time, he is longing for human companionship and a little jollity to brighten his loneliness.

If you read their souls, you would find traveling men are really a very melancholy lot.

Considering their mode of existence, traveling men are about the nearest thing to angels we know.

Give 'em credit.

From the Ansonia Center Correspondence of the Ansonia, (Conn.) Observer.

Mrs. Bessie Spriggs was ill in the Center yesterday.

ANOTHER GERMAN ATROCITY

Early in the war, a company of German Uhlans, during the invasion of Russia, entered a little hut just over the Russo-German border.

There they found a beautiful girl of eighteen and her grandmother, aged ninety-five.

The girl was scared at the spectacle of the brutal looking Huns.



"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" she cried, "do what you will with me, but spare my poor ninety-year old grandmother!"

But from a far corner, the old lady quaverd up,

"Remember, granddaughter, war is war!"

From the diary of Adam: "New Years Day, Year 2. This day I turned over a new leaf."

THOSE BRITISHERS TALK SO FUNNY

An Englishman went to a doggy party with a swell girl.

The lady danced with the viscount and, in the middle of the dance, suddenly stopped stock still and whisked him into a back room among the potted palms.

"I have had the most terrible accident," she gasped, "My comb—my pearl-embroidered back comb—has slipped from my hair and down into my dress. I hate to ask you, Lord Cholomondley, but won't you please reach down and get it for me?"

The Englishman was red with embarrassment, but he was obliging and reached away deep down into the lady's V for the comb. The further he reached, the further it dropped. It was becoming quite a task.

"Donchaknow? he tittered, "I feel a perfect ass."

* * *

THE DESPERATE KID

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Lashed safely to the mast,
He would not move a single inch
Till Oscar Wilde went past.

"What?—because thou art virtuous, shall we have no cakes and ale?"
—Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff

FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF

Durng the war, there was a great shortage of accomodations for the inrush of laborers into some of the southern cotton-picking camps.

In one place, they had to put a Negro and an Irishman to sleep in the same bed.

The Irishman left instructions to be awakened at 4 A. M., the Negro at 6 A. M.

A little boy, wishing to play a practical joke on the men, painted the Irishman's face black with stove polish while he was sleeping.

At 4 A. M. O'Brien awoke, put on his clothes and started for the job. As he passed a mirror, he stopped aghast, noticing that his face was black.

"Begorra," said he to himself, "if they haven't woke the wrong man!"

* * *

My girl is so good looking that whenever she gets on a street car, the advertising is a total loss.

An honest God is the noblest work of man—Samuel Butler.

ANXIOUS AT BOTH ENDS

A hungry hick came into a restaurant.

"What will you have?" demurely asked him the lady biscuit-shooter, as she handed him the menu.

The gentleman looked pale with hunger and he was evidently very anxious about something. He scanned the bill of fare.

"Bring me some——" he began, and suddenly arose from his seat and made a rush for the door marked "Men."

Three minutes later he returned, looking very much relieved.

"Bring me some——" he began again. But before he could finish the sentence, his face flushed almost purple and he again rushed to the mysterious room.

Once more he reappeared, looking very much assuaged. But before he had taken more than a glance at the menu, Nature again called him and he made another dive toward the House of Correction.

Again he issued, looking grim and determined not to be mastered by his physical needs again.

"I think," he said sweetly, "I'll have some sardines."

"Will you take them in the can?" inquired the waitress.

"No—for God's sake, bring them quick and I'll eat 'em here."

What we need in America is more religion and less suppression.

THE CHAMBERMAID BELIEVED IN SERVICE

England has been changing her ambassadors to America so often since the war that many little complications have ensued.

One of the smallest yet funniest is the following:

The chambermaid on the third floor of one of the finest hotels in New York was told to prepare a certain suite with especial attention. "The greatest Peer in England is going to occupy that suite," the steward told her.

When the great man arrived in his room, he found forty pots under his bed.

Angrily he called in the chambermaid.

"My word," he fumed, pointing to the pots, "What's this?"

"Well sor," replied the girl, "they told me you were the greatest Peer in England."

* * *

NURSERY RHYME

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up among the stars so high,
Like a beer keg in the sky.

WASTED AMMUNITION

Councilman August Kraut came into our editorial sanctum yesterday, looking even more woebegone than usual.

"The wife had twins again," he told us.

"For the love of Mike, Augie," we sympathized, "do you always get twins?"

"Hell no!" spit out the Solon, "more as tousand times nud-dings!"

THE CITY FATHER PULLS A BONE

August Kraut, chairman of the park committee of Cleveland city council, arose at a meeting one Monday evening and said to the members,

"I think we ought to buy a dozen gondolas for the lake in Rockefeller Park."

"To hell with your extravagance," interrupted Councilman Paddy McGillicuddy,"—"Where do you git that stuff, a dozen"? Ain't you got no sense of economy? Let's buy only two, a male and a female, and let Nature take its course."

* * *

AT LAST—AN HONEST POLITICIAN

Hendrickson, a thrifty yet somewhat conscientious Swede in Chicago had accepted five dollars from the ward boss to vote the Republican ticket.

Then he accepted three dollars from the Democratic ward boss to vote the Democratic ticket.

So he voted the Democratic ticket on the ground that the Democrats were less corrupt.

* * *

THE HEIGHT OF EXPECTANCY

A sparrow sitting on a horse's tail waiting for his dinner.

* * *

..Don't get married when you're young; when you're old you'll know better.

* * *

The woman pays, but the man is always broke.

* * *

Moonshine makes the sun shine brighter.

THE LADIES

By Rudyard Kipling

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
I've rogued and I've ranged in my time,
I've had my pickin' of sweethearts
And four of the lot was prime;
One was an 'arf-caste widow
One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a Jemadar-sais
And one was a girl at 'ome.

Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,
For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can say till you've tried 'em,
And then you're like to be wrong;
There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,
There's times when you think that you might,
But the things you will learn from the yellow and brown
Will 'elp you a 'eap with the white.

I was a young 'un at Ogli,
Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Casterer she made me,
And Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first 'un,
More like a mother she were,
For she showed me the way to promotion and pay,
And I learnt about women from 'er.

Then I was ordered to Burmah,
Actin' in charge of bazaar,
And I got me a tiddy live 'eathen
From buyin' supplies off her pa;
Funny and yellow and faithful,
Doll in a teacup she were,
And we lived on the square, like a true married pair,
And I learnt about women from 'er

Then I was shifted to Neemuch,
Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now,
And I took with a shiny she-devil,
The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
Taught me the gipsy-folks' bollee,
Sort of volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night, when I wisht she was white,
And I learned about women from 'er

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,
'Long of a kid of sixteen,
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
The straightest I ever have seen;
Love at first sight was her trouble,
She didn't know what it were,
And I wouldn't do such, for I liked her too much,
And I learned about women from 'er.

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
And now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you have known of the others,
The less you can settle to one;
And the end of it's sittin' and thinkin'
And dreamin' 'ell fires to see,
So be warned by my lot—which I know you will not,
And learn about women from me.

* * *

What did the colonel's lady think,
Nobody ever knew;
Somebody asked the sergeant's wife,
And she told 'em true;
When it comes to a man in the case,
They're like as a row of pins,
For the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins.

THIS KOOKOO WAS SURE IN TOUGH LUCK

Our brother-in-law, Chuck Billings, proprietor of the most flourishing blind pig in Akron, just returned from a hunting trip in Canada which he enjoyed in company with Councilman McGillicudy, the eminent Cleveland solon who pulled the terrible boner recounted on Page 27 of this issue.

On the first day of their trip, Chuck and Mac were crossing a large field. When they were right in the middle of the field, a big brindle bull came along to show them the way to the fence.

Chuck found a tree and climbed it. Mac couldn't make the tree quick enough, but seeing a large, sociable-looking hole in the ground nearby, jumped into it. The bull pretty nearly got Mac as he dove into the hole, but just missed him as he went down and jumped over the hole. Mac came up like a jack-in-the-box and the bull gave a snort and a jump at him.

Down went Mac and over went the bull. Up came Mac and back came the bull.

Finally Chuck, up in the tree, got excited and called down, "You big ape, Mac, why don't you stay in that hole? You'll get the bull so mad, he'll keep us here for a month."

"Big ape yourself," yelled back Mac, "there's a bear in the hole."

LIFE SURE WAS TOUGH IN THE ARMY

Capt. Al Waddell relates a weird experience he encountered "over there." It was during mess and the orderly officer glaring down the long table demanded if there were any complaints about the food.

Private Jones rose slowly and extended his cup:

"Taste this sir," he said.

The officer took a sip, hesitated a moment and said scathingly:

"Very excellent soup, I call it."

"Yes, sr," agreed Jones, "but the corporal says it's tea, and the cook served it as coffee, and just now I found a toothbrush in it, sir."

* * *

FLOSSIE MUFFED IT

Charlie took his sweetheart to a ball game. They arrived late, and Charlie, scanning the diamond, said,

"Oh look, Flossie, we have a man on every base."

"That's nothing," replied Flossie, "so have they."

* * *

WISE CRACK IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Sunday School Teacher: "Albert, what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?"

Albert: Sin.

ATTABOY!

A flip-looking flapper got on a crowded street car. She had to stand and all the goofs let her stand, meanwhile gulping eyefulls of her hosiery display. Finally a green-looking moke, wearing a mail-order suit and a caved-in derby rose to his feet.

"Miss, take my seat; I don't look as swell as the other gents on this car," he said, nodding to several men, "but I've got more politeness."

Without a word of thanks, the topsy sat down. She wouldn't even show her gratitude by looking in his direction.

"Miss," said the rube with a smile, "I belive I left my tobacco pouch on the seat. Will you please get up?"

No sooner was the seat unoccupied than the hick deliberately sat down again.

"B'lieve I'll keep sittin' here, miss, he explained. I've got a little more politeness than these here fellers, but I've found out I ain't got nigh so much common sense."

Little Ignatz, the Hot Dog shipping clerk won't use his brains. He wants them to last long.

..A traitor in politics is a man who jumps your party for the opposition. A convert is the man who jumps the opposition party for yours.

*Isn't it remarkable how many women
will go into a man's bedroom to fight
for their honor!*

*Two in the bush is
the root of all evil.*